



MISS DABNEY MAURY HALSEY,
Granddaughter of General Dabney H. Maury, who unveiled the monument.

NOBLE WOMEN'S LOVING TRIBUTE

(Continued from First Page.)

GREY CROWD THRILLED BY PATRIOTIC MUSIC

When such of the crowd as could be seated had been ushered into the enclosure before the stand and the martial music of the accompanying band left the company not thrilled by the familiar air of war times, the ceremonies of the evening were begun. Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, at the request of the ladies of the Philadelphia Chapter, directed the exercises.

In the opening prayer by Dr. W. R. L. Smith, of the Second Baptist Church, who served in Forest's Brigade during the war, God's richest blessing were invoked upon the noble women, who now paid their tribute to the heroes of the South.

The prayer was followed by the world known hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," led by the band, and sung by the vast assembly with fervor and a strength which filled the quiet hollow of the cemetery with a soft, sweet, and a thousand voices.

When the last notes of this song had died away over the hills and been lost in the distant rumbling of the Confederates, Mr. Ellyson introduced Mr. Cadwalader. When he had concluded, General Lee spoke, and Dr. Pace closed with the last tribute to the South's soldiers.

It was as the day was closing, and the smouldering embers of the sinking sun cast their glow in the West, that the beautiful silver flag of the Confederate army, which had draped the memorial, were taken away from its rugged sides by little Miss Dabney Maury Halsey, the granddaughter of General Dabney H. Maury, for whom the Philadelphia Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, erecting the monument, is named.

Miss Halsey, who had occupied a seat in the stand by her mother, Mrs. James T. Halsey, was escorted to the monument by Hon. John Cadwalader and Attorney General William A. Anderson.

A SALUTE FIRED.
As the flag fell, revealing the granite to the watching crowd, the field-piece of the Howitzer Battery, stationed on the opposite hill in the cemetery, crashed the stillness of the evening with the first fire of the salute of twenty-one guns.

The section was in command of Sergeant P. H. Dabank, and as the crowd found its way into the city again the roar of the cannon could still be heard. When the last gun had been fired the ceremonies incident to this most unusual event in the history of the city were

SLOW-HEALING SORES

Slow healing sores are unsightly, painful and dangerous. They are a constant care and source of anxiety and worry. Chronic, slow healing sores are frequently the after effects of some long debilitating sickness that leaves the constitution weakened and the blood in a polluted, run down condition, when a scratch, cut, simple boil or bruise, becomes a fearful festering ulcer that grows and spreads, eating deeper and deeper into the flesh in spite of everything that can be done to check its progress. Old people whose blood is below the standard and the circulation sluggish, are often tormented with face sores, and indolent, slowly looking ulcers upon the limbs that give them hardly a moment's rest from pain and worry. Ordinary sores Purify the Blood when the blood is too weak to throw off the germs and poisons, and no amount of external treatment will heal them, but they continue to grow worse and worse, and many times terminate in that most horrible of all human maladies, Cancer. S. S. S. cures slow healing sores by purifying and invigorating the germs, laden, vitiated blood and purging the system of all corrupt matter, thus striking at the real cause and removing every hindrance to a rapid cure, and this is the only possible way to reach these deeply rooted, dangerous places. S. S. S. strengthens and tones up the circulation, and supplies rich, nutritious blood for the rebuilding of the constitution and healing the sore, when you get rid of the old plague spot for all time. If you have a slow healing, stubborn sore, write us about it, and our Physicians will advise you without charge. The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

had happened yesterday. Instinctively my reflections go back a few years before the struggle that began on April 12, 1861. I was a young lad deeply interested in the institutions and government of the country, when I went to the city of Washington with my father, who was in Congress. It was during the administration of General Pierce, the President, as some of you may remember, lost his only son just after his election. Mrs. Pierce imagined that I bore a resemblance to that son, and liked to have me at the White House.

KNEV DAVIS WELL.
In this way I met familiarly many of those then in official life. The Cabinet of the President was composed of great statesmen—Marcy was in the State Department, Guthrie in the Treasury, Caleb Cushing Attorney-General and Jefferson Davis in the War Department—all of them were great men; but possibly at that time, because the military idea was strong in me, the last named attracted me the most.

I can recall the kindly manner of Mr. Davis and his permission to me to visit the War Department whenever I wanted to do so, and I was often in his private office. A few years later he it was on whom my young enthusiasm centered for the nomination for the presidency at the ill fated Charleston Convention.

At this same time it was my happy privilege to be quite often at that beautiful home on the banks of the Potomac, where the adopted son of Washington still lived. George Washington Parke Custis seemed to enjoy the society of the young, and he would take me through the box-hedged gardens and tell me about his boyhood days.

But Arlington was then the home of another whose name is one indeed to conjure with. It is idle for the vain-glorious boasters to shout of treason, rebellion and traitors. A great war was waged on both sides, and names to be revered for high virtues, as well from the North as from the South, but I believe that a great majority of those living to-day in these United States regard Robert E. Lee as the one man who came through that fearful struggle, either from the North or from the South, with a record beyond cavil or criticism.

Heroic and magnificent in success, he was, possibly, even nobler in adversity. In his walks in the gardens of Arlington he must have imbued the spirit of the great Washington, for his character bears so close a comparison with that of the "Father of his Country" that it seems to have been formed under kindred influences.

My friends, I come before you as a Northern man. In the great conflict between the Confederacy and the Northern States my State was opposed to you, and all true citizens of Pennsylvania were loyal to the cause it supported. The questions of the local and practical solution, and one of the severest wars of any era of the world had to be fought to a conclusion.

LIFE WAS RIGHT.
When Robert E. Lee before the Virginia Convention said: "I will devote myself to the defense and service of my native State, in whose behalf alone would I have ever drawn my sword," he defined clearly the obligation of a citizen to throw his fortunes with his State. Here and there men saw their duties in a different light, and no one should criticize harshly an officer of the old army who held different views.

Their position was complicated by their environment; their training made them less independent in thought, as well as action, and undoubtedly the decision of George H. Thomas to adhere to the North was as truly the act of an honorable man as the course of Robert E. Lee. When, acting in its sovereign capacity, a State withdrew from the Union, whether such action was a cause for war or not, and in my opinion it was certainly the right of the States remaining in the Union to so decide, the citizen of such a State was by that withdrawal carried with it. It is impossible to conceive of an exclusive allegiance to a government which guarantees none of the natural rights of its citizens. Of course, under the Federal Constitution, so long as a State is included in the Union, there are duties of citizenship to both the State and the United States, but they are distinct. To secure him in his home, his domestic relations and his rights of property. Nor can he divest himself of his obligation to serve his State in the protection of its rights from invasion, from riot and from the depredations of its neighbors.

MR. CADWALADER'S SPEECH.
At the gates of the cemetery the veterans of the Soldiers' Home joined the procession and were given place within the enclosure near the speakers' stand.

Following the opening prayer by Rev. Dr. W. R. L. Smith, the ceremonies were begun by a brief address of welcome delivered by Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson.

Mr. Ellyson said:
Ladies and Gentlemen—We have assembled this afternoon on this historic spot, so hallowed with tender and precious memories of our Confederate dead, upon the invitation of the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Philadelphia Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to unite with them in doing honor to the memory of the 22 Confederate soldiers who died in Federal prisons, and whose remains lie buried in the cemetery of this city. These fair daughters, and the generous friends who have shared in their undertaking, have called to unveil on this bright and beautiful October afternoon a eulogistic in memory of these gallant dead. I am certain I do not need to give to these noble women any assurance of the deep and affectionate interest which not only Richmond, but all of Virginia, feels in this occasion. We are here to attest our presence, our profoundest sympathy in their patriotic undertaking, and thus to indicate how high in the esteem and affection of the people of this State the memory of those who gave their lives for that cause which, though lost, is still just.

Distinguished Visitor Presented.
The first speaker presented was Hon. John Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, whose presence upon the occasion was a fitting invitation of the ladies of the Philadelphia Chapter. He was introduced by Mr. Ellyson in a brief but appropriate speech, referring to the distinguished speaker as a trial and loyal friend of the South in hearty sympathy with the Daughters of the Confederacy, and their movement towards erecting the monument to their dead. Mr. Ellyson spoke of the distinguished family to which Mr. Cadwalader belonged, and told of their services to their State and the nation.

Mr. Cadwalader's Fine Address.
After acknowledging the compliments paid him by Mr. Ellyson, Mr. Cadwalader, addressing the audience, said:

Ladies and Gentlemen—I have accepted the invitation to appear before you to-day with some hesitation. I felt that the words to be spoken on this occasion should be uttered with an eloquence to which I can make no pretense. The chairman of the Monument Committee, the one man who came through that fearful struggle, either from the North or from the South, with a record beyond cavil or criticism, and who was a representative of Philadelphia, where the heroic deed whose memories are to be kept alive by this imperishable granite before us. It seemed to me to be a call that one should not refuse. Seven generations of my family have lived in that land which bears the name of "Penn the Apostle," on the spot where "Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded."

And where "The streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest," and therefore as such a representative of the city, I feel that I am here, moreover, responded most warmly to the request, and I am sure I truly represent the sentiments of a vast number of the people of Philadelphia and of the Northern States generally in uniting with you in this honoring the memory of those who died for a cause as dearly loved, and as valiantly fought for as any recorded in history.

My friends, this occasion brings with it a flood of memories of events that most of you consider as passed into history, but to those who lived through them are as clear and distinct as if they

made a heroic effort against tremendous odds to maintain their right to separate from the Union.

AS THE WAR WAS FOUGHT.
It was early in the struggle that they secured the recognition of belligerents, and in the main the war was fought on lines consistent with the rules of civilized countries.

Unfortunately from the first a difficulty as to prisoners arose, and later when the use of negro troops in the North was adopted, the question became too difficult to be settled. The sufferings that were endured by prisoners on both sides while those unfavorable questions were discussed, can never be justified. Undoubtedly the difficulties in the way of exchanging prisoners were created by the North, and gave color to the charge that there was no intention to secure the return of Northern prisoners from the South, as it involved the turn of Southern men to their army. In fact, General Grant in a letter to General Butler expressly so stated.

War is inseparable from horrors. Civilized warfare is indeed a contradiction in terms, but taken as a whole, perhaps, the war itself was as free from extreme barbarity as could have been hoped for. If the honor and honesty which dictated the terms offered by General Grant and with such magnificent moral courage, accepted by General Lee at Appomattox had been recognized throughout the North, possibly with all its evils, many blessings might have come to both sections as the war's direct results. Without the sequel the names of Grant and Lee might for all time have been linked together by the whole people of the reunited States in ever grateful memory.

The noble purpose of General Lee in putting an end to bloodshed by laying down his arms instead of scattering his army to wage a desultory warfare, should have allayed all bitterness of feeling and helping hands should have been extended to the desolated South. The wise and generous policy of General Grant in allowing the Southern private soldiers to keep their horses to do their spring plowing, should have been followed everywhere. Sad and bitter as seemed the end to those who had struggled so nobly for their cause, little did they dream that their sufferings had scarcely begun. They could not have believed that the victors who appeared so generous in the field would have followed in such courses that thirty years later the true history has to be written in "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." It is a happy augury for the future, when from the lips of such a distinguished son of Massachusetts as Charles Francis Adams has fallen the highest praise of Robert E. Lee.

SOUTHERN HERO'S EXAMPLE.
It would indeed have been a happy fate for the country if the example of the Southern hero, after Appomattox, which has secured for him for all time a recognition that makes him only second in war, second in peace, and second in the hearts of his countrymen, had been followed by the North and its citizens.

It is difficult to speak with calmness and moderation of the scenes enacted in the decade following 1865. No appeals could check the wild orgy into which the controlling powers in the North had rushed.

A South, so plundered that all the ruins of the war appeared as nothing; a North, reeking with corruption until the records of credit moblied frauds, and black Friday tumults made the people doubt the integrity of all. The terrible scourge of so-called reconstruction, directed by the disreputable brain of Thaddeus Stevens, and the insinuations of the "Freedmen's Bureau," aroused not only the South, but the North itself. Even those apostles of the cause who produced the war—Greider, Chase, Julian, the war Governors Andrew, of Massachusetts, and Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and many others—rebelled against the actions of their old political associates. Few governments have survived such evil influences as culminated in the great crime of 1876, when even the will of the people, overwhelmingly asserted at the polls, was ruthlessly disregarded. The sad story is now, I hope, nearing its end. Slowly, but surely, the truth is being recognized and public sentiment is approving the assertion of their powers by the several States over their domestic concerns.

I am conscious that I have touched upon much that is full of controversial feeling, but the day has come when justice should be done to those whose views have been condemned by popular clamor with no foundation of reason. To treat a contest between the peoples of two great sections of a continent as an internal uprising or revolt against constituted authority is not only puerile, but grossly wrong.

The honesty of convictions on both sides should be admitted and the legitimate results of the struggle should alone be recognized.

WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.
I feel no sympathy with those who would deny a place for this monument on Northern soil over the graves of the men whose memory it records. I have come here to unite with you in admiration for the noble women of the South, who have borne their sufferings and their trials with such unflinching fortitude, and who have sustained with an undaunted courage their husbands and sons, their fathers and brothers, in their struggles

private soldiers simply obeyed orders. Were their leaders traitors? No, no. There is not a line in the Constitution of the United States framed in Philadelphia in 1787 that prohibits the citizens of a State from the Union of States then being organized. So I exclaim in the glowing words of the Irish patriot: "Do you ask me, my Lords, if in my life time I have done any treason or thought any crime that should call to my cheeks as I stand here the hot blush of shame or the blush of fear? No, though I stood by my grave to receive my death blow, before God and mankind, I would answer you, no."

OUR COMMON COUNTRY.
The flag of peace flies over the stacked guns of blue and gray—again we are citizens of a common country, one flag, one ruler, one set of laws, one destiny. Confederate survivors look the present in the face with no apologies for the past. We recognize the new responsibilities and duties we owe the republic. The stars upon the national banner represent the States of the South, and I feel as the States of the North, and I feel I voice the sentiments of the former Southern soldiers, when I say their ambition now is to get their share towards building up this great country and making it what our fathers intended it should be, the glory of America and a blessing to humanity. And Virginia with her big heart beating for her soldier-sons, is once more a bright, brilliant jewel in the crown that binds the brow of the American Union.

What a wonderful career the private soldier had. There he stood, old, torn, slouch hat, the bright eye, the cheek colored by exposure and pained by excitement, the face stained with powder, with jacket rent, trousers torn and the blanket in shreds, printing in the dust of battle the tracks of his shod feet. No monument can be built high enough to commemorate the memory of a typical representative private soldier of the South. Well might an orator exclaim, "When I see the battle-scarred soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy with uncovered head and profoundest reverence, I bow before those dauntless heroes, feeling that if the greatest suffering with the least hope of reward is worthy of the highest honor, these deserve to stand shoulder to shoulder with their greatest army commander in the brotherhood of glory."

NO, NOT TRAITORS.
Were they traitors? No, no. These

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and vicissitudes, not only during the war itself, but in the long years of adversity that have followed it.

My friends, as I stand with you and look upon this rugged stone placed by their tender hands as a typical memorial of the hard fate of those whose sacrifices were in vain, and to whom victory was denied, I can truly say, I believe none more worthy of imperishable fame ever died for their country than the men of the South, from 1861 to 1865.

They lie on many a battlefield, in church yards, and in single graves. Where are those on whose graves we would place garlands to-day? Beside those of Acadie:

"In the heart of the city they lie unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them.
Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and forever.
Thousands of aching brains where theirs no longer are busy.
Thousands of toiling hands where theirs have ceased from their labors.
Thousands of weary feet where theirs have completed their journey."

GENERAL LEE'S APPLAUDED FOR PATRIOTIC SENTIMENTS

When Mr. Cadwalader had concluded Mr. Ellyson presented General Fitzhugh Lee. The General was welcomed with prolonged applause, during which he stood bowing and acknowledging among the crowd many of his war time friends. General Lee was at home among Richmonders, and upon an occasion which afforded him genuine pleasure. He said in part:

General Lee said in part:
Members of the General Dabney Maury Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy,
Ladies and Gentlemen—A most impressive ceremony marks an uncommon scene, and a most unusual incident.

Ladies residing beyond the limits of this historic Commonwealth have associated themselves in an organization for the purpose of preserving the record and protecting the memory of dead Southern soldiers, who rest with the dew on their brows, and the rust on their mail in the city of Philadelphia, which was so closely connected with the great men and great events of a mighty past.

The General Dabney H. Maury Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy is here for the purpose of unveiling and consecrating a monument in beautiful Hollywood to brave men who perished far from home and State.

TRIBUTE TO MAURY.
Your Chapter, ladies, bears the name of a Confederate General—a man respected and beloved in life—whose death was mourned by friends and former foes. We recollect his soldierly deeds, his beautiful character, his private virtues, his public services. He was so kind, so amiable, so honorable that he furnished a model of love and simplicity in his domestic life, and was a true specimen of the able, chivalrous soldier in his military career. It so happened that my first army life upon graduating from West Point was under his tutelage at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, and from that hour to the day I mourned his death, his tent has been pitched on a warm spot in my heart, and there held secure by the strong cords of brotherly love.

General Maury loved his native State, and sorrow pervaded every part of it when the news was flashed over her borders that one of the purest and truest of her sons had answered to the final roll call.

We, the survivors of a terrible war, have still to remember the duties of life who are marching down the slope of life to join the bivouac of the dead—we who have survived the storm of shot and shell on the battle field, and whose places in the war pictures were near the flashing of the guns, should have our attention focused upon the great work of the noble Daughters of the Confederacy "Lest we forget; lest we forget" the men who fell in the same cause we were contending for. They did not know that sorrow's cloud had tipped our mountain tops, that our Southern rivers had flowed troubled into the sea, or that the sword of life had been cast over our plains and valleys, but expired in the belief that they would bear upon the far away, eternal shores, the Southern shouts of victory.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.
What a wonderful career the private soldier had. There he stood, old, torn, slouch hat, the bright eye, the cheek colored by exposure and pained by excitement, the face stained with powder, with jacket rent, trousers torn and the blanket in shreds, printing in the dust of battle the tracks of his shod feet. No monument can be built high enough to commemorate the memory of a typical representative private soldier of the South. Well might an orator exclaim, "When I see the battle-scarred soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy with uncovered head and profoundest reverence, I bow before those dauntless heroes, feeling that if the greatest suffering with the least hope of reward is worthy of the highest honor, these deserve to stand shoulder to shoulder with their greatest army commander in the brotherhood of glory."

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Admission, 2 cents. Free on Saturdays

private soldiers simply obeyed orders. Were their leaders traitors? No, no. There is not a line in the Constitution of the United States framed in Philadelphia in 1787 that prohibits the citizens of a State from the Union of States then being organized. So I exclaim in the glowing words of the Irish patriot: "Do you ask me, my Lords, if in my life time I have done any treason or thought any crime that should call to my cheeks as I stand here the hot blush of shame or the blush of fear? No, though I stood by my grave to receive my death blow, before God and mankind, I would answer you, no."

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